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## A modern-day oracle and warped memories



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### Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

Katie has always been a special child. As long as she could remember herself she has been having what other people called 'premonitions', or visions of events that are supposed to happen.

Before class she'd know that there would be a surprise test and know the topic, so she'd do some last-minute study and get an A+. Walking home from school she'd see herself being hit by an unskillful skateboarder in the park, a hit that would result in broken bones, and would choose entirely different way home.

She always knew when something bad was about to happen to her: be it being busted for DUI after college party or having her apartment robbed on her night out. She reached adulthood with firm belief she could bend fate to her own benefit.

Then, one day, everything changed.

She was walking home from a late brunch with her friend, on a warm commonplace summer afternoon, when another premonition hit her.

A premonition unlike anything else she'd seen before

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She froze there on the sidewalk, stunned and petrified.

## Chapter 2 by Selena Raynee



The clock kept ticking, ticking remainder of her life away.

She knew there was no escape this time: people stared while she patiently waited for the endless white.

Time passed; at some point, as if Kate had finally woken up, she was able to move her feet and take one step forward, then another one. She exhaled soundly and kept moving until she reached the point on the sidewalk where she first saw the white wall appear.

Nothing happened.

Rejoicing, Kate took one more step forward. And another one.

Another vision hit her: she was standing near mailbox on the same sidewalk, only the mailbox was incredibly tall for its usual size. She turned to walk away from it, across the street, not really looking where she was going; a horn roared and she felt unbelievable pain; then everything went black.

Kate choked and almost fell down, unable to breathe. When she was able to lift her head and look around, some fifty meters away she saw a girl of age 10 or maybe 11 who was reaching for the mailbox.

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